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## TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

### ADVENTURES IN THE WRONG HOUSE.

BY DR. R. MONTGOMERY EIRD.

I KNOW not what extraordinary conjunction of the stars took place on the first Friday of June, 183—, nor how my own planet in particular, came to perform so many antics, in or out of its proper sphere. Before that day, I had never had an adventure in my life; the current of my existence had flowed as evenly and quietly as the stream of a mill pond; and no wit or skill of author-craft could have spun out my biography beyond the compass of a single paragraph. I was born, and I lived for twenty-five years—that is all: I lived in a village, too, and my name was (as it still is,) James J. Smith. There was nothing further in my history worthy of being mentioned; except that, at twenty-five years old, finding myself unencumbered by any near relatives, and possessed of a moderate estate, sufficient for all my reasonable wants, (and I had no unreasonable ones,) I began to weary of my rather dull and lonely existence, and cast about for means of relief. I was balancing between two great projects, one of travel, the other of matrimony; (both, indeed, in a very general way, for I was not in love with anybody, or any particular place;) when a letter from my old college-mate and correspondent, Harry Brown of Virginia, determined me in favour of the former. He was just forming a family party for a trip to Niagara; which party he invited me to join at Philadelphia, where he expected to arrive at an early day; and he promised to bring along with him a very charming unmarried cousin of his, who might perhaps, he said, assist me in trying the other project, as soon as I got tired of traveling, provided only that I had the spirit (and it required great spirit) to woo and win her: all of which I regarded as a friendly pleasantry on the part of my old chum.

I went accordingly to Philadelphia; at Harry's suggestion, took lodgings at a fashionable boarding-house, at which he intended stopping, and where I designed awaiting him.

It was on Friday, in the afternoon, that I arrived; and having established myself in a comfortable chamber, I sallied out to see somewhat of the city, and inquire at the post-office for letters from my friend. I received two letters, one from Harry, of a somewhat mysterious quality; the other from a stranger, and of a character still more inexplicable; both of them written from Baltimore. Harry informed me that he was on the way with his party, and he hoped to be in Philadelphia the following day; and he added (and this was the mysterious part of his letter,) that his aforesaid handsome cousin was about to be snatched away from me by a particular fatality; yet he did not despair, he said, of my yet winning her, provided he should immediately find me, upon reaching Philadelphia, and find me

with mettle sufficient to undertake a most formidable, but splendid adventure. "Confound his handsome cousin!" said I, "whom I never heard of before, except in his last letter; and confound his splendid adventures!" And with that, with the greatest equanimity, I banished the memory of both, to examine and wonder over the second letter from my unknown correspondent. It was as follows:—

*My dear boy:*—Shall be in Philadelphia Friday evening, with E. to sign, seal, kiss and squabble, according to compact: place afore-mentioned. Shall expect you—rings, posies, blushes and hysterics. Always promised your dad I would and I will.

Yours resolutely,

T. B.

This letter was formerly directed to James J. Smith, Esq. *Poste restante*, Philad'a; was manifestly written in an old man's hand; and as far as I could gather any sense from its odd and broken expressions, alluded to a marriage which was in progress, doubtless, between E. (who was she?) on the one part, and Mr. James J. Smith on the other. But who was Mr. James J. Smith? Not *myself*, certainly; who had never dreamed of marriage, except as a future contingency, and had never made serious love or proposals to any human being. No; it was apparent—and this was confirmed by the allusion to the "afore-mentioned place," well known of course to the person written to, but not to me—that there was some other James J. Smith, besides myself, in the world and in Philadelphia, for whom this letter was designed, and to whom, it was manifest from the terms of it, its loss might prove extremely inconvenient.

Under these circumstances, I perceived I had nothing to do but to return it to the post-office, that it might reach my namesake, and I was retracing my steps for that purpose, when I was interrupted by a gentleman, or a person dressed like a gentleman, but I thought there was something displeasing and sinister in his looks, who stepped up to me, and with a low bow and grinning smile, told me "he believed he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. James J. Smith?"

"That is certainly my name," said I. "But"—"You haven't the honor of my acquaintance!" interrupted the gentleman. "Exactly so: but I have the pleasure of producing my note of introduction."

And with that, the fellow, clapping one hand on my shoulder, in a very impudent, familiar way, displayed under my nose, not a note of introduction, but a note of hand, for some seventeen or eighteen hundred dollars, drawn in favour of a Simon somebody, I forgot who, and signed, plainly and strongly enough, *James J. Smith*.

"All this, my friend," said I, removing his hand from my shoulder, "is, doubtless, good and fair enough. The difficulty is, that it concerns some other James J. Smith, and not me: for I never wrote that note; nor, indeed, any other. You have made a mistake."

"Very facetious, sir," said the person, "I should inform you, sir, that poor Simon being in difficulty, was under the necessity of parting with that little note to me, sir; and I paid him a very fair price for it, sir, because it was a debt of honor; and a debt of honor, sir," here the rascal looked as if he meant to impress me with an awful sense of his courage and determination, "a debt of honor, sir, I never find any difficulty in collecting."

"The deuce take you and your debt of honour," said I, waxing impatient, "I tell you, sir"—But my gentleman interrupted me again.

"No occasion to swear, my dear fellow. I don't intend to trouble you *just now*. I know what brings you to town here: I know Old Rusty is coming, if he has not come already, and the rich young lady with him. The letter, sir, that you just received, sir." Here the fellow burst into a laugh at the look of amazement I put on, at finding him so familiar with the mysterious epistle; and added somewhat contemptuously, "I did not think Mr. James J. Smith such a spooney, as to give the public the benefit of reading his letters over his shoulders in the street! In short, sir, as I said, I don't intend to trouble you just now, nor to be gammoned hereafter. I shall wait, sir, till the happy hour is over; and then sir, humbly claim to renew acquaintance, without renewing the note, sir! till when, your obedient servant to command, sir."

With that, my gentleman bowed and stalked off stroking his whiskers with an air of unutterable magnificence which I have never seen equalled by any but blacklegs.

This little incident, besides moving somewhat of my choler, quite changed my resolution of restoring the letter to the post-office and thereby to my namesake. It seemed now apparent that my *alter ego* was some rascally adventurer, the fellow, as well as prey, of him who bore his note of hand; and it appeared, therefore, impossible that such a fellow could pretend, in any honest way, to the hand of the "rich young lady," referred to by the note-holder, and doubtless, the fair E. of the letter. I felt that I should punish, if not defeat the schemes of a rogue, and perhaps protect a deserving girl and a deceived parent, by keeping Mr. T. B.'s letter in my pocket, and into my pocket, accordingly, I thrust it. At all events, the interception of the letter would create delay; and delay might effect the desired purpose.

I spent the remainder of the afternoon rambling about the city, viewing it, and, as I thought till the last moment, without any further adventure. But just as I was hunting my way back to my boarding-house to tea, I was stopped by a sharp but rather timid-looking young fellow, a tailor's clerk, who begged my pardon, believed I was Mr. James J. Smith, reminded me that I owed a very long bill to his employers Messrs. Snip and Shears, hinted that they had written to me two or three times on the subject, observed that

times were hard, and concluded by insinuating the pleasure I would confer upon those gentlemen if I would be so good as to walk with him, forthwith, down to their shop, which was only seven or eight squares off.

I replied to all this, that he had mistaken his man, that I owed Messrs. Snip and Shears nothing; and upon his presuming to express some incredulity at the denial, I threatened to break his bones; upon which he became alarmed and retreated. But I observed him following me at a distance, and dogging me all the way to my boarding-house.

After tea, having no acquaintances in the city, I went to one of the theatres to pass the evening, and I passed it, in the main, very pleasantly. I was, indeed, at one time annoyed by the conduct of two or three well dressed, but noisy young fellows in the next box, who, from their discourse, I soon set down as gamblers and determined rousers. One of them, who had red hair, I observed was very genteel in his appearance, but he was an abandoned desperado in his conversation; and from some remarks which he and his companions let fall, I was struck with a sudden suspicion that he was no less a personage than my worthy namesake, Mr. James J. Smith himself. Thus, in the midst of their laughing and whispering, I overheard the expressions, "Old Rusty," "the girl," "rich and confoundedly handsome," "hard-headed old hunks," &c.; and Mr. Redhead himself swore with an oath, "if the blood-suckers would give him but two days, he would hold up his head again with the best of them." I tried in vain to catch the young fellow's name; and soon after he had uttered the words related, another young man came into the box, and told him, "there were hawks on the wing;" upon which he looked alarmed, his companions laughed, and they all immediately left the theatre.

I could then attend to the performance without interruption; and I had been for some time absorbed in the interest of the scene, when I was suddenly aroused by a voice whispering in my ear, "I say, Mr. James J. Smith, if you please, this is no place for a gentleman of your inches. There are buzzards abroad, who'll stop all marrying and giving in marriage. And if you mean to give up that chance, hang me, my fine fellow, if I shan't be the first to arrest you!"

I looked around, and was enraged to perceive the note-holder, who gave me a significant nod, and immediately walked away. "How provoking," thought I, "to have all these vagabonds take me for that rascal, my namesake. Yet there is something, after all, in his counsel. It would not be agreeable to be arrested, even by mistake; since there is no one in the city to whom I can appeal for character or identity. To-morrow Brown will be here, and then I shall be safe enough."

These thoughts determined me to leave the theatre, and go home. But I had scarcely got the distance of a square before I had the misfortune to be tapped on the shoulder by an officer, who told me he had a writ for me on the suit of Messrs. Snip and Shears; and requested me to favour him with my company to the nearest magistrate's. At the same time I perceived the tailor's clerk, who had evidently kept me in view, and pointed me out to the officer. It was in

vain for me to protest I was not the man intended; Mr. Clerk said "the gentleman was very good at that story." What, I asked myself, if it should happen not to suit the convenience of Messrs. Snip and Shears to attend at the magistrate's? I felt very well assured I should be liberated as soon as they saw me; but they might have delegated the whole business to the clerk, who would not hesitate to swear I was James J. Smith, because I had admitted I was; and then bail would be demanded, and, for want of it, I must be immediately packed off to prison.

The thought of this degradation filled me with sudden fury; and, without taking time to reflect upon the consequences, I knocked the officer down, though he was a burly fellow, twice as big as myself, kicked the little clerk into the gutter, and immediately ran off, hoping to make my way to the boarding-house, there to lie concealed until Brown should arrive in the city.

This proved a more difficult undertaking than I expected; for there was immediately a great hue and cry raised; and, the streets being pretty full of people, (for it was not yet eleven o'clock,) I was followed and headed, and assailed on both flanks; so that it was only by tasking my activity to the utmost, and diving into every alley and by-way that offered, that I managed to avoid my pursuers. My greatest fear was of losing my way; for I knew but little of the city, and the uniformity of its streets, and the great family resemblance between all its houses, are very perplexing to a stranger. Yet I thought I was keeping run of the streets, notwithstanding my various doublings; and by and by I was sure that a large house now in sight was my boarding-house, because it looked exactly like it, and was similarly situated near an alley which—or one the perfect fac-simile of it—I had taken notice of during the day.

As I came nigh the house I found myself cut off from the doors by some persons, who were running from the opposite direction to intercept me. I therefore plunged down the alley, which was badly lighted, and soon conducted me to another still darker one, which, I perceived, ran at the back of the houses, bounding the yards or gardens, which were merely inclosed with walls and fences, with a garden gate to each house. The idea struck me that I might perhaps enter the boarding-house through the garden gate, which I knew must be the second one, for the house itself was the second beyond the alley. I tried the latch; it did not yield; but I had not withdrawn my hand when the gate itself was thrown open; and, upon my rushing in, it was immediately closed again, and bolted behind me; and all this, I was certain, without my having been seen from without; for none of my pursuers had got into the alley. Besides, the gate was overhung by a great tree, which darkened the alley and the whole yard; so that I could see nothing of the person who had let me in, except that it was a woman. And this she made still more manifest, by taking me round the neck, and giving me a hearty buss, exclaiming,

"Is it you, Jimmy, my dear? And how came you so late? and what is it makes all this racket and running?"

"Oh!" whispered I, in some confusion, "there has been a fight, and the police are taking up everybody."

"That's just like you, Jimmy, you goose," said my unknown darling, giving me another buss; "stopping to see every fight, though you might lose a fortune by it. But come along; don't say a single word. I'll take you up stairs, I've put out the lights. Have you got your Sunday's best on? Yes, I feel that you have. Don't say one word, or somebody will discover us."

Who was my inamorata? That was more than I could tell. But it was evident she took me for some one else, her sweetheart; and that was a character which, to avoid discovery, I felt compelled to keep up, until I had got into the house, when I designed giving her the slip, and retreating to my own chamber. But this, I found, was an achievement not to be immediately effected; for, first, she held me very lovingly round the neck in bonds; and, next, when we got into the house through the back door, it was so dark that I could recognise nothing I knew; every thing was novelty and mystery. But I could hear various sounds of mirth and chatter, and especially two or three pianos and other musical instruments, echoing in various parts of the house.

In this confused state the damsel led me up to a little room at the head of the stairs on the second story, where, being, if possible, still more dark than ever, she gave me a new hug, and said—

"Now, Jim, lad, I'll tell you all about it, and what you are to do, exactly. You see, she is to run away," (she thought I; what she?) "and I with her—at least, she thinks so. We are to go off in the cars to Baltimore; they go in half an hour; and she's in a great hurry. I suppose she has a lover down there; but he can't be worth having, if he won't come after her. We are to go off in men's clothes; because we shall travel by night, and nobody will know us, or follow us. I am to wear whiskers—just such nice big whiskers as you've got, Jimmy—so as to look old and fierce, and keep people off; and she's to be my little brother, a schoolboy. Ain't it fine, Jim?"

"Oh, yes," said I, beginning to wonder and be interested at this opening of plot and conspiracy among people I did not know, and marvelling what share I was expected to play in the drama.

"I've no doubt," quoth my new acquaintance, "she would give me a heap of money; for she's rich, and she loves me; and I told her I was once rich too—or my father was before me—(which was no more than the truth) for all I'm no more now than a chambermaid."

"O ho!" thought I, "are you there, Abigail!"

"But here's my idea, Jim," she continued, with vivacity, "and it's a good one. If the young lady might give me much, how much more might the old gentleman give me—he who has got all the chinks in his own hands—when he finds the young lady is gone, lost away, as it might be, for ever, how much would he give me to restore her? Why, I reckon, a whole fortune; and so I am resolved upon it. And here's the way we are to manage it. Instead of my running off with her, you are to do it, pretending to be me; and she won't know the difference, because of the darkness, (you are to talk only in whispers,) and she will think the disguise makes such an



alteration! Then, instead of taking her to the cars, you take her right home to our house; she knows no more of the town than she does of the moon; then you can pretend to be frightened and run into the house for shelter, and then it is too late for the cars, and she must wait till next night, you know; and she can sleep in my room, and there you lock her up safe till morning. Then I come and finish the business, and get the fortune; and then, Jim, we'll get married and set up for ourselves!"

Here the faithless Abigail gave me another embrace, expressive of delight and triumph; and then, charging me to remain quiet until she returned, slipped from the room, and left me shut up in darkness. I hesitated whether or not to obey her. My first inclination was, certainly to creep out, now that the coast was clear, and find my way to my own apartment; and yet I had a fancy to follow the adventure to its end, so far, at least, as to see that the eloping lady came to no mischief. But when I began to question who this adventuress could be, and to remember that, although I had seen a great many young ladies at the tea-table in the evening, none of them were particularly handsome, I confess I lost so much of my interest in the matter as to resolve to finish my share of it instant, retire to bed, and leave the incognita to her destinies. I began to grope for the door, not without making some noise against opposing chairs and tables, when the door was suddenly opened, and I was horrified by a man's voice, murmuring, in an eager whisper,

"I say, Suke, confound it, where are you? and why don't you speak to me?"

My fears told me the new-comer could be no other than Jimmy, the loitering sweetheart and confederate of Abigail, or Susan, as her name appeared to be. I kept as still as a mouse, intending, as soon as he should have crept by me, to slip out of the room. But fate, or Jimmy, had determined otherwise. "I say, Suke," he murmured, "why did you bolt the gate? Why didn't you let me in? Why don't you speak? I know you're here, for I heard you. And now, you jade, I've caught you!" In fact, he *had*. But no sooner did his fingers come in contact with a whiskered cheek and a velvet coat-collar, than he uttered a dismal cry, "Oh! lord! it's a man!" and he turned to retreat. But I had the advantage of him, and was nearest the door, just as the scheming Susan, perhaps alarmed at the bustle, came running into the room with a light, but at the sight of me she was so terrified that both she and her light dropped on the floor together, the latter going out in the fall; so that I had just time to notice that she was a buxom wench of eighteen or twenty, that the door was left wide open, and that the passage to which it led was the exact counterpart of that in the boarding-house on which my chamber lay; to which, therefore, I felt I could now make my way without further trouble. It was under a sudden impulse, and with the idea of punishing the treacherous chambermaid, that, as I stepped out, I closed and locked the door, for I felt the key was on the outside; and so left her and Jimmy to settle their difficulties as they might, together.

I felt along the passage for the third door, which, I had no doubt, led into my chamber. I reached it and was in the act of scratching about with my fingers for the knob, when the door was

opened, and, to my unutterable confusion, I was seized upon by a young female, who, drawing me immediately in, and closing the door, said, with a whispering voice, broken by merriment, "How quick you are! All dressed already! What an immense big boy you make! Where did you get such magnificent whiskers?"

It was now that the first burst upon me that I had got into the *wrong house*; for I saw, at a glance, this was none of my chamber. It was a lady's boudoir, or anteroom to a sleeping apartment, from the open door of which latter apartment came a dim ray of light, by which it was obscurely illuminated. There was just light enough for me to make out objects, to discover my extraordinary blunder, to see (or part of this, perhaps, I fancied) that my new friend, who received me so warmly and familiarly, was a young lady irresistibly charming and beautiful, (oh! what a voice she had! and the touch of her hand set me beside myself,) while her expressions made it apparent that she was no less a person than the fair incognita, Susan's employer, and that she had mistaken me for Susan dressed in man's apparel.

"Where did you get such magnificent whiskers?" she cried, and she actually pulled them with her fingers, in pure admiration. "I never could have believed, she continued, laughing, "you could be so changed by clothes; that you would make such a beautiful young man! I declare I feel as if I wanted you to make love to me!"

There was no resisting such an appeal as that. I immediately clasped her in my arms, and ravished a kiss from her lips, by which she was thrown into almost convulsions of laughter.

"Out, you hussy!" she cried, "men are not so impudent. Bless me, don't be so ridiculous. There now, that's enough. But I wish I might light upon some such handsome young fellow for a sweetheart. I wonder how I shall look in *my* boy's clothes! But come along and help me, for I shall never get the queer things on without assistance."

And here the beautiful creature made as if she would have pulled me along into the chamber; at which in great terror, I dropped on my knees, and, seizing upon her hand, exclaimed,

"Forgive me, dear madam. I have deceived you; or, rather, you have deceived yourself. I am not Susan, I am——"

At the first tone of my voice, for I had not spoken before, she turned wildly upon me. We were nearer the door of the chamber, and the light shone upon my face as I knelt. I never saw such a change from radiant mirthfulness to the extremity of terror. I saw she was going to shriek, and I sprang up and placed my hand over her mouth.

"For heaven's sake, madam," I cried, "do not ruin me, and perhaps yourself. I will not insult you. I am a gentleman, the victim of a most extraordinary blunder, which has caused this intrusion, and made me an unexpected confidant in your intended elopement. Pray, madam, don't faint." Certainly she looked so much like it that I was obliged to support her, and she was compelled to suffer me. "I will make every reparation; I will retire. Nay, I will even assist you to fly; for Susan is faithless, (she designed to betray you,) and you need a faithful attendant."

"Sir—sir—sir," stammered the beauty, to whom these allusions to the elopement gave life, while they covered her with blushes; "I need nothing but your immediate departure. For heaven's sake go. Oh! what *what* will become of me?" And she wrung her hands and burst into tears.

I never could stand a woman's tears; who can? And those of the beautiful stranger cut me to the soul, while they completed the fascination of my spirit. It was all over with me in a moment. I felt that I had suddenly fallen in love with her, and none the less deeply for knowing no more who she was, and what were her qualities, than if she had just stepped down from the moon; and fallen in love, too, to that pitch of desperation, the point of magnanimity. So down I dropt on my knees again, and again seized her hand, which she vainly tried to snatch from me; while I, not doubting her tears were, in part at least, owing to the interruption of the elopement and her consequent fears of losing her lover, energetically repeated my offers of assistance, declaring, on the word of a gentleman, that I would faithfully carry her to the arms of her lover, even, I added, in a rage of jealousy and despair, "if I have to blow my own brains out the moment after."

"Sir," said she, hastily, "I have no lover; I was not going to run away to a lover."

"Heaven be praised!" cried I, "for now you can run away *with* one! Madam, I am a gentleman, and man of fortune, single, unengaged, and I love and adore you. My name is James J. Smith—" Here she jerked away her hand, but I jumped up and caught it again; for, though she started from me, it was not a start of displeasure. On the contrary, she blushed, and trembled, and looked pleased—I was sure she did—and she grew more pleased the more I told her how much I adored her; and when I presumed on her growing affection to throw my arm round her waist, she began to smile and giggle; in fact, I thought she was going into hysterics, which is a proof of overpowering feeling; when—oh! surprise and mortification!—she burst into a laugh, exclaiming, "Oh! it is *too* ridiculous! But pray go," she added hastily; "for if Susan should return and find you——"

"No fear of her," I cried; "for I left her safe locked in her room along with Jimmy. I took care of the traitress and her confederate."

"You did!" said the beauty, looking astonishment and inquiry. "Perhaps then," she continued hesitatingly, "as you won't go," (oh! what an enchanting way of telling me I might stay! No wonder I kissed her! but it *was* a wonder how well she bore it!) "As you won't go, perhaps you will tell me how you came to lock her up, and who Jimmy is, and how you got into this house, and this room; for I am very curious, and——and——"

"You have a right to know all about it. It was all a blunder, the happiest, darlings, blunder that ever was made. You must know," said I, "I thought this was my own boarding-house, Mrs. E.'s."

"No," said the beauty sweetly, "it is Mrs. F.'s."

"I shall love Mrs. F. as long as I live! I made the mistake the more readily, because, being beset by the police for knocking down a rascally fellow, who insulted me in the street," (I

did not like to tell the charmer of the arrest, lest she should conceive some suspicion of me.) "I attempted to get home through by-ways and the garden gate. Susan let me in; she was waiting for that rascally Jimmy, her sweetheart, who was to pretend to conduct you to the cars—"

"Oh! no," said my mistress; "I never heard of Jimmy. Susan was to take me, and she was to be dressed in men's clothes—you know how I mistook you—what a great mistake I made!"

"Oh that it could be made over again!" said I sincerely enough. And I then proceeded with the story as I have already narrated it, exposing the schemes and the punishment, such as it was, of Susan, and describing the illusion—the persuasion of its being my own chamber, in my own boarding house—under which I had entered her boudoir. "And now, my adored creature," said I, "if eloping is necessary, let us start forthwith, and we can be married before the cars start. 'Tis but stopping at the first parson's or magistrate's."

"But—but," murmured my mistress, with the sweetest accents, "would you really marry me—without knowing me?"

"I would, I *will*," said I, clasping her in my arms. "I take you for better or for worse, believing—for my soul tells me it—that you are an angel."

"Oh! James!" said she, meltingly, "*don't you know me?* I am Ellen, little Ellen, cousin Ellen! Didnt you get father's letter?"

Heavens! what a surprising climax to the day's adventure! Was I to get my namesake's letters, father his debts, and marry his intended wife in the bargain? No wonder the dear creature should melt so soon, to find in me her supposed cousin and destined husband. But how was it she could be so deceived? Certainly she must have known her own cousin. And what was she going to elope for? These questions, and various others, which came crowding into my brain, were, without my asking them, (for in fact I was for awhile speechless,) answered by the darling Ellen herself; who, with looks of the most confiding fondness, as if the matter was now quite settled, murmured—

"Ain't it strange that we should come together so, and that we should love, without knowing each other? But how should we, since we have never been together since we were children? And I thought you had red hair, too! How foolish! And when I thought you were only Susan disguised, and wished I had just such a handsome looking person for a sweetheart, I said nothing but the truth; for, indeed, I loved you when I thought you were only Susan! And to think that I was going to run away from you! Oh! how unhappy I should have been if I had; and how happy I am that I did not!" And here my dear cousin (*my* cousin, indeed!) threw her arms round my neck the sweetest way imaginable. I returned the caress, but expressed some of my astonishment by echoing her words—

"Run away from *me* indeed! from your cousin!"

"Oh! you know, I thought you had red hair; and I never could abide red hair," said she. "And then, father—if you remember father—you know he is so odd and obstinate. And then that contract—"

"Contract?" said I, "what contract?"

"Why, with uncle John, to be sure; though it was not a contract, but only a promise; for, you know, ever since I was born, father and uncle John were determined we should be married together, for some of their wise reasons about the property. Now, cousin," continued Ellen, with unabated affection, "it was the more agreeable, because there was no contract, or promise, with the wise reasons about the property, struck a sudden chill in my bosom, suggesting some great obstacles that might stand in my newborn love—" "Now cousin," continued the dear girl, "because I thought you had red hair, and because they were going to marry me to you whether I would or not, I hated you—I was so foolish and wicked!—but I don't hate you now. And when we started off on this jaunt to Niagara, and father told me I must be first married to you, here in Philadelphia, I hated you more than ever; and when father told me he had written to you to meet us to-day, and that he expected you, and if you came I should perhaps marry you to-night, I could endure it no longer. And so I made a confidante of that treacherous Susan, and we were to run away together."

"And whither," quoth I, "were you going? and why in boy's clothes?"

"Oh!" replied Ellen laughing, "we were going home, to be sure; and the disguise was to prevent our being tracked. I thought it would be so fine to be snug and safe at home, while father was hunting for me in all sorts of places; and then, after I had managed, through friends, to get him to let me off from the contract, he would be so delighted to find I had not run away; after all; for *going home* is not eloping, is it?"

Oh! how I adored the dear, simple creature; and how I trembled with fear, lest, after all, I should lose her. Would she love me so well when she discovered I was not her cousin, the betrothed of her childhood? for it was evident that the idea now gave her pleasure, however previously disagreeable. Must I continue to deceive her? Could I succeed in deceiving her father? and could I expect her of him *without* deceiving him? Might not their James J. Smith step in, and snatch the prize out of my grasp? Was I not wronging him and them by permitting myself to bear (for certainly I had not *assumed*) his character. No! My namesake was a rogue; and, by ousting him, I secured him his deserts, and the others perhaps—it could not be otherwise—their happiness. Besides, could I give up Ellen? "She, at least," thought I, "will forgive me the deceit."

"And here I am, after all, Ellen, dearest of my soul," I said, determined upon a desperate move; "and now, do you hate me?"

"No James; it's just as father wants."

"And will you marry me?"

"Yes; if father wishes."

"And to-night?"

"If—if father insists upon it!"

"Well, my beloved, if he don't insist upon it, I do. Where is he?"

"Oh!" replied Ellen, "just over in his parlor there, nodding over the papers. He was quite angry because you were not here to receive him, and because you did not come all day."

"I did not get into town till this afternoon, and, of course, have not long been in possession of his letter."

I drew it from my pocket; and how I blessed the rascally note-holder who prevented my returning it to the post-office!

"I wonder if he will recollect me?" I said; and for the life of me I could not say it in any other than a trembling voice.

"Oh! no," replied Ellen; "for it is fourteen or fifteen years since he saw you, you know; and he only remembers you as a red-headed school-boy. I am so glad your hair has changed to such a beautiful brown!"

"Let us go see him, and ask his blessing!"

"He will be so surprised!" said Ellen.

The parlor was but across the passage. Six steps brought me in the presence of my venerable uncle, of whom I did not know so much as the name. All I knew of it was the initials, T. B. as subscribed in the letter. He started up from his nap, giving me a grim look of inquiry.

"Cousin James, father," said Ellen, with a blush.

"Dear sir," said I, dashing in, "rejoiced to see you. Looking at my hair, I see; not so red as in old times, sir! Did not arrive till late this afternoon; hence my misfortune in just getting your last favor." I flung it on the table. "Am delighted with Ellen; and she, I hope with me. Beg your fatherly blessing."

And down we popped at his feet.

The old gentleman stared at us with astonishment and delight. "Bless my heart!" he cried; "why where did you stumble on her? and how did you bring her into such a good humor?"

"Oh! sir, I have been sitting with her this half hour, in her boudoir, and——"

"Ah! you dog, I like your spirit; daughter first and dad afterwards!"

"And, sir," continued I, "she finds my hair is not quite so red as she thought it was."

"Bravo, lad! and she'll have you?"

"This very night, sir, if you insist upon it, as I hope you will."

"To triumph! I do—I will. Do you hear me, Nell? I insist upon your marrying him immediately."

"Yes, sir," said Ellen.

"Ring the bell for a parson. How we shall nick that rascally Harry! Was trying to stop the match; had some villainous plan of his own; and was quite afraid of him; abused you like a pickpocket. Shall chouse him handsomely. Oh! a parson! a parson! a kingdom for a parson!"

And my venerable father-in-law skipped across the floor, rung the bell, squeezed my hand, kissed his daughter, rang the bell again, and performed various other feats, which were, in their effects, of a truly legerdmain character; for, within ten minutes, as if by a trick of magic, I, who, thirty minutes before, was a heart-free bachelor, free of the world and woman, was standing in a wedding group, composed of persons, all of them entire strangers, my bride, my father-in-law, the clergyman, with his book, the lady of the house, and some other persons, admitted as witnesses to the ceremony, about to be married to a lady whose name I did not actually yet know! The haste, the bustle, the extraordinary transition, my hopes, my apprehensions, my ignorance, all combined to throw me into a whirl of confusion, during which the ceremony was begun, and conducted very little to my edification; for I cannot say I distinguished one word, until my



ears were suddenly struck by the important question, "Do you, James J. Smith, take this woman to be your wedded wife," &c.? At that moment I was struck with the enormous absurdity of taking such a leap in the dark—of marrying a woman who, for aught I could tell, might be—But, as I was going to bolt, (for, truly, that was the impulse then on me,) I caught a view of the bride's face stealing to me an upturned glance, so full of goodness, purity, affection, and heaven knows what other divine qualities, that fear changed to rapture, and I uttered the important "yes" with all the emphasis of resolution.

How I quickened into life now, and pricked up my ears to hear my wife's name!

"Do you Ellen Brown——"

I felt as if struck by a forty-jar charge of electricity. The name confounded, without illuminating me. In truth, I had no time for comparing facts and making inferences; for, just as the clergyman had breathed the expected name of my charmer, the door flew open, and a man rushed in, hastily exclaiming, "Hold! hold! I forbid the bans!"

Conceive the confusion of all present at this extraordinary interruption; and conceive my surprise, when, snatching Ellen into my arms, determined to maintain my right to her against all mankind, but particularly against James J. Smith, the *genuine*, who, I doubted not, was the cause of interruption—conceive my surprise, I say, when, turning to this detested personage, my eyes fell, not upon my red-headed namesake, but my old friend and college-mate, Harry Brown, of Virginia! That he should be here! that he should cause such a dangerous interruption! that he should turn against me, his old friend, and ruin me! I gnashed my teeth at him; I raised my hand in a furious menace; and, if there had been a pistol in it, I certainly should have blown his brains out.

"You forbid the bans, you scoundrel!" said my father-in-law, in a rage equal to my own; "you, you dog, you! you forbid the bans!"

He was approaching my friend irefully. But Harry was looking at me. His face lighted up with wonder, followed by an air of recognition and delight; and, smothering, or trying to smother, a laugh, and laying his finger significantly along his nose, as he looked at me, he repeated, though in very altered accents—in fact, he could scarcely speak for laughing—

"Yes, I forbid the bans—until Mrs. Brown gets up! She is on the stairs. What, uncle, do you expect to marry Nell off, without allowing us to be witnesses. Here she is." Enter Mrs. Harry Brown, a fine looking young matron, but not so fine as my Nelly. "You thought to give us the slip, by taking the morning boat, and changing your boarding-house. You forgot the evening train, and my skill in hunting down fugitives!"

"And you don't oppose the match then, you dog?" cried my father-in-law, "and you don't know anything against cousin Jim, after all?"

"Oh, no; nothing at all! I approve of the match with all my heart and soul; and pray proceed with it as quickly as possible. You, Ellen Brown, do take this man— But I beg the reverend gentleman's pardon."

The ceremony was resumed, and in two minutes I was married.

"Victoria!" cried Harry Brown, seizing my hand, and so interrupting the first nuptial embrace, with which, according to the fashion, I was saluting my wife. "I congratulate you, cousin James J. Smith, upon having married the finest girl and richest heiress in Virginia; the very girl I intended for you! Oh! you dog, who could have thought you had the wit and spirit to accomplish the 'splendid adventure' without my assistance? Know your relations! Don't you see, my wife wants to kiss her unknown cousin? You kiss *her*, and I'll kiss Nelly! Ha! ha! ha!"

And here my friend went into such explosions of laughter and rejoicing as amazed everybody except me, who began to be aware of the full extent of my good fortune.

In the midst of this joyous tumult enter another unexpected visitor. Death! it was the red-headed gentleman of the theatre; the true James J. Smith, as my fears told me, and as was rendered still more evident by his first words to my father-in-law. "Sir," said the young gentleman, grasping him affectionately by the hand, "I have, I believe, the honor of speaking to my dear uncle, Thomas Brown, and of introducing to him his unworthy nephew, James J. Smith."

"Bless my soul!" cried the old gentleman, and could no more; for he was struck dumb with astonishment.

"Had the misfortune, in some unaccountable way," continued the new comer, "to miss your last favor, promised to arrive to-day," (and here the villain drew out some *former* letter,) "and only heard of your being here by accident. But that—I can't be mistaken! Permit me to pay my respects to my dear cousin!"

And up stepped *Altar Ego*, with captivating smile and extended hand, to my astonished wife, whom he saluted as his dear cousin Ellen—Miss Brown."

"Mrs. James J. Smith, sir," said I.

"That is to be!" added Red-head, with delightful suavity.

I looked round to my friend Harry for assistance; for, I confess, at this moment my heart failed me, not that I had any fear of my contemptible namesake, indeed, but I dreaded the effect of the denouement upon my wife and father-in-law, both of whom appeared very much discomposed by the new turn of affairs. Harry looked as if about going into another burst of merriment; but he nodded his head, as if to bid me dash ahead, without fear.

"Mrs. James J. Smith *that is*, sir," said I, "This lady is my wife."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "I am James J. Smith!"

"Sir," said I, "so am I!"

"James Jones Smith," cried Red-head, "this lady's cousin!"

"James John Smith," cried I, "this lady's husband!"

"Uncle!" exclaimed James Jones, with a look of horror and despair, "you have married Ellen to an impostor! and I am ruined for ever."

"What! an impostor!" cried Mr. Brown; "call for a constable!"

"If you do," said I, "he will only arrest your nephew there, not me, as your nephew knows full well. The young man speaks the truth, at least, in part. He is your nephew, and he is ruined for

ever; as I know as well as he; for, this afternoon I was dunned upon an unpaid note of his for a debt of honour, a gambling debt, of near two thousand dollars, and was arrested, besides, for a tailor's bill of——"

"Oh! for heaven's sake!" interrupted my rival, deprecatingly.

"And," continued I, unmercifully, "it is but an hour since I heard him, in the public theatre, when warned to beware of the 'hawk and buzzards' who were on the watch for him, boast, to his gambling friends, of his 'rich and confoundedly handsome' cousin here, the daughter of 'Old Rusty,' a 'hard-headed old hunk,' as a resource that would enable him to 'hold up his head again with the best of them.'"

"Done for, by jingo!" said Mr. James Jones Smith, and sneaked out of the room.

"Oh! the abandoned villian!" quoth my father-in-law.

"And if you want more evidence of his unworthiness," said Harry, stepping to my aid, "I can give it; and you know, uncle, I warned you I had heard strange tales of him. When I came round here with Mrs. Brown, to see you, and heard you were marrying away Nelly, I thought it was to him; and *that's* the reason I forbade the bans."

"Ay, sir; and you countenanced, you aided and abetted this worthy personage," said Mr. Brown, senior, giving me a look as black as midnight; "you helped, you even instigated, a rascally impostor," here the old man gave way to rage, and Ellen began to cry, "to cheat and deceive my girl, to rob me of my daughter."

"No impostor at all," said Harry. (I would have said the same thing; but he took the words out of my mouth.) "He is a gentleman, uncle; my old friend and college-mate; and the very man I wished to substitute for his namesake; the very man I hinted about to you; though I never told you his name. For, in honesty, I must confess I had some thoughts, if no other turn would serve, of getting him to personate your nephew, and so cheat you into accepting a worthier son-in-law. He has rushed into the adventure on his own suggestion," (here Harry began to laugh again,) "and I vow, I admire and love him all the better for his spirit."

"It was a villainous deception," said Mr. Brown.

"I declare sir," said I, "It was an unpremeditated, an accidental one altogether. An extraordinary circumstance" (and here I related it) "threw me into Ellen's boudoir! where, upon mentioning my name, (and James J. Smith—James John Smith—is my name, sir,) she herself hailed me as her cousin, from whom I found her just on the point of running away."

"Oh! James," said Ellen, "don't tell of me!"

"I had never seen her before; I knew not who she was; yet I fell desperately in love with her; and, to improve the opportunity, (which I must otherwise have lost,) I allowed her to remain deceived. I did deceive you, in appearing as your nephew; for I saw that, otherwise, you would reject me. Yet you must give me credit for disinterested motives, sir, and for a true uncompromising affection for your daughter; since I stood up to marry her without knowing who she was, without knowing even so much as her name."

"Very fine, indeed," said the snarling Mr.

Brown; "but as you had heard your namesake talk of the 'rich,' as well 'devilish handsome' daughter of the 'hard-headed Old Rusty,' (confound the jackanapes!) you must permit me to believe you were reminded of her *two* recommendations together——"

"I declare," interrupted I, "hadn't time to think of anything but her beauty."

"But, sir," continued my father-in-law, sternly, "my nephew forgot to let you, and his rascally associates know, sir, that my daughter's riches, sir, depended upon the will of her father, sir; and that she will never get a penny, sir, for marrying a man I disapprove of, sir?"

"Then, sir," said I, "I am proud to assure you that fortune has placed me beyond the necessity of lamenting your disapproval; for, thank heaven, I have enough, and more than enough, to secure your daughter's happiness, if love and a handsome competency can secure it."

"Shall have it all!" said "Old Rusty," grasping my hand warmly; "for I was only trying you; and I see you are a good fellow. Confound that rascally nephew! what an escape we have had! And its all owing to his" (this was spoken to Harry and the others) "having the same name being a better fellow, and not having red hair!"

"And you ain't my cousin, after all?" murmured the soft voice of Ellen in my ear.

"No, my love; but——"

"But my husband! Oh! it is very funny. But I shall love you all the better. And I am so glad you deceived us; otherwise father might have never consented."

"And if he had not?"

"Then, perhaps—yes, then—if you had asked me—I should have run away with you! But now let us liberate Susan, and give her a scolding."

"Oh!" said the lady of the house, "she, or her Jimmy, has picked the lock, and they have run away together."

"Well, let her go," said Ellen, "fate has provided me a better travelling companion; and I do not care now how soon we start off to Niagara."

Ah! the dear creature! She has not yet ceased to laugh and rejoice over the oddity of our courtship and marriage; and, as for me, I never recount, without a thrill of pleasure, my half hour's Adventures in the Wrong House.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

'Tis a sacred and holy thing, the love of a warm, confiding and pure heart, when it pours its first incense on the shrine of affection—written in the winning and exquisite loveliness of a pure and exalted spirit, it throws the bright and golden bands of love, pure and deathless around a kindred heart, and lives but in the love and sympathy of the beloved object. The virgin love of a warm and pure heart, a heart in its first innocence and freshness, unchilled and unstained by the corroding of sorrow and selfishness is a sacred, a priceless gem. Oh! that it were valued as it ought to be; then the affections of any one, however humble, if sincere, would ne'er be treated with scorn and indifference. This heart might pour forth many a fond wish for thee, but this only will I ask, that thou may'st be the object

of an affection, pure, devoted and deathless, that shall shed a chastening and holy influence o'er thee, and give to thee all the happiness that this life can impart—that the bright spirits of innocence and truth, may continue to guide thy steps—shed their radiant light o'er thy path, and bear thee lightly, with a calm mind and warm heart, through the varied and trying scenes of life, and in the hour when thou shalt be called to leave the scenes of earth, for the pure and heavenly scenes of the spirit-land, may guardian spirits attend, and light thy way across the dark valley of death to the blissful mansions of our heavenly Father—there to meet the loved ones of earth.

Sullivan, N. Y. 1843.

## BIOGRAPHY.



### BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE.

JAMES HENRY BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE was born at Havre, in 1737, and is said to have been a descendant of the celebrated Eustace de St. Pierre, the patriotic mayor of Calais. At the age of twenty he entered into the engineer service; and he successively served at Malta, in Russia, and in Poland. On his revisiting his native country, he obtained a captain's commission in the engineer corps, and was sent to the Isle of France, from whence, however, after a residence of three years, he returned, with no other fortune than a collection of shells and insects, and a narrative of his voyage. The latter, which was his first literary effort, was published in 1773; and he, thenceforth, devoted himself to literature. His *Studies of Nature* appeared in 1784, and passed rapidly through several editions. *Paul and Virginia* was published in 1788, and this delightful tale acquired an unprecedented popularity, and set the seal on his reputation. During the reign of terror, he narrowly escaped the scaffold. From Napoleon and his brother Joseph he received pensions, which gave comfort to his latter days. He died in 1814. His *Harmonies of Nature* was given to the press after his death. The best edition of his works is in twelve octavo volumes. The philosophy of St. Pierre is occasionally eccentric; but the purity of his morality, and the beauty of his style, deserve the highest praise.

## MISCELLANY.

### HUMOR IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

CAPTAIN HARRY P——, just after the last war broke out, was in command of the garrison at Mackinaw. He was a young man of fine talents, but, unfortunately, addicted a little too much to the bottle—and the consequences was that evil reports reached the head-quarters of the General commanding on the frontiers, who, we believe, was the late General McComb. He

felt it his duty to despatch an aid-de-camp to inquire into the matter. When the latter reached the garrison, he had ocular demonstration of the fact—for the Captain was pretty well "toddied." The aid-de-camp said nothing about the cause of his arrival till after dinner, when, being alone with the Captain, he "broke the ice," and related the reason of his visit.

"'Tis an unfortunate truth," said the Captain. "I admit it."

"What, Captain, that you do get regularly drunk?"

"Yes, the report is true."

"My dear sir, why is it?"

"To tell the truth, I'm stationed here with such a stupid set, that, in my own defence, I have to get drunk to graduate my intellect down to their capacity." The Captain was not court martialed.

Lieutenant ——, of the navy, when passed midshipman, was, something like ten years ago, on board of the *Constellation* frigate. While lying to at one of the Azores, a heavy gale came on, and the ship was drifting towards a rock bound coast, where she would inevitably go to pieces. All was consternation on board, and the probability was, if she went ashore, not a dozen souls would be saved. The young officer, whether on shore or at sea, was peculiarly neat in his dress—rather foppishly so; and he had acquired, by this peculiarity the title of the "Pelham" of the navy. During the gale, his station was on the gun deck forward, superintending the paying out of the chain cable as the ship kept dragging—and, in some way, his kid gloves got dirty. It should be remarked, that with all his foppishness, he was an able, cool, and determined young officer. During the height of the gale, the chaplain, Mr. S—— went round the ship, praying here and there for blessings on those who were about to take the great leap into eternity. Approaching Mr. —— with a serious countenance, he addressed him:

"Can I do any thing for you, Mr. ——, on this awful occasion?"

"Yes," replied the young officer, without changing a muscle, "*wont you be so good as to turn down my shirt collar?*"

Fortunately, the frigate escaped—but the "turn down my shirt collar" of "Pelham" was a standing expression among his messmates."

### A FRAGMENT FOR THE LADIES.

"Thy grandmother," said my uncle Toby, addressing himself to young Arabella, just from London, and who was playing the battle of Mar-engo, on the piano—"thy grandmother, child," said he, "used to play on a much better instrument than thine."

"Indeed," said Arabella, "how could it have been better? you know it is the most fashionable instrument, and is used by every body that is any thing."

"Your grandmother was something, yet she never saw a piano-forte."

"But what was the name of this instrument? had it strings, or was it played by keys?"

"You must give me time to recollect the name; it was indeed a stringed instrument, but was played by the hand."

"By the hand alone? How vulgar; but I protest I should like to see one, and papa shall



buy me one when I return to London. Do you think that we can obtain one?"

"No, you will not probably find one in London, but doubtless they may be found in some of the country towns."

"How many strings had it? Must one play, with both hands? and could one play the double bass?"

"I know not whether it would play double bass, as you call it; it was played by both hands, and had two strings."

"Two strings only? surely you are jesting, how could good music be produced by such an instrument, when the piano has two or three hundred?"

"Oh, the strings were very long, one about 14 feet, and the other might be lengthened at pleasure, even to 50 or more."

"What a prodigious deal of room it must take up, but no matter, I will have mine in the old hall, and papa may have an addition built to it, for he says I shall never want for any thing, and so does mamma. Were the strings struck with little mallets like the piano, or where they snapped like a harpsichord?"

"Like neither of those instruments, as I recollect; but it produced a soft kind of humming music, and was peculiarly agreeable to the husband and relations of the performer."

"Oh, as to pleasing one's husband or relations, that is all Dicky, in the Haut-ton, you know; but I am determined to have one at any rate. Was it easily learnt, and was it taught by French or Italian masters?"

"It was easily learnt, but Frenchmen and Italians scarcely dared to show their heads in our country in those times."

"Can you not possibly recollect the name? How shall we know what to enquire for?"

"Yes, I do now remember the name, and you must enquire for a SPINNING WHEEL."

#### COUSINING.

A COUNTRY gentleman lately arrived at Boston, and immediately repaired to the house of a relative lady who had married a merchant of that city. The parties were glad to see him, and invited him to make their house his home, (as he declared his intention of remaining in the city but a day or two.) The husband of the lady, anxious to show attention to a relative and friend of his wife, took the gentleman's horse to a livery stable in Hanover street. Finally, the visit became a visitation, and the merchant, after a lapse of eleven days, found besides lodging and boarding the gentleman, a pretty considerable bill had run up at the livery stable. Accordingly, he went to the man who kept the stable and told him, when the gentleman took his horse, he would pay the bill. "Very good," said the stable keeper, "I understand you." Accordingly, in a short time, the country gentleman went to the stable, and ordered his horse to be got ready.—The bill of course was presented.

"Oh," said the gentleman, "Mr. so and so, my relation will pay this."

"Very good, sir, said the stable keeper, "please to get and order from Mr. —, it will be as good as the money."

The horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman to the Long Wharf, where the merchant kept.

"Well, said he I am going now."

"Are you," said the merchant, "Well, good bye, sir!"

"Well, about my horse; the man says the bill must be paid for his keeping."

"Well, I suppose that is all right, sir."

"Yes—well, but you know I'm your wife's cousin."

"Yes, said the merchant, I know that you are, but your horse is not."

#### AN INCIDENT.

A LAUGHABLE incident occurred in this country some time since, the circumstances of which we give just as we got them from one who professed to be acquainted with the transaction. An old gentleman farmer, who had two or three very pretty daughters, was so very cautious of his charge that he would not permit them to keep the company of young men; however, they adopted the following expedient to enjoy the company of their lovers without the knowledge of their father.—After the old man had retired to rest, the girls would hang a sheet out of the window, which was quite a distance from the ground, and the beaux would seize hold of the sheet, and with the assistance of his lady love, who tugged lustily at the sheet above, would thus again an entrance; but it so happened that one evening the girls hung out the sheet rather too early—for the old gentleman by some ill-wind, was blown round the corner, and spying the sheet could not conjecture the meaning of its being there—so he took hold and endeavored to pull it down; the girls above supposing it to be one of their beaux, began to hoist and did not discover their mistake until the head of the old man was level with the window sill; when one of them exclaimed "Oh! Lord! it's dad?" and letting go their hold of the sheet, souse came the old man on the hard ground, and stones below, dislocating one of his shoulders, which convinced him that his efforts to make old maids out of his daughters was a matter not so easily accomplished, and withdrawing all further opposition to their keeping company, he was soon a father-in-law.

#### NEGRO WIT.

"How much ya charge Massa Magistrate, to marry me and Miss Dinah?"

"Why, Clem, I'll marry you for two dollars."

"Two dollars—what you charge to marry white folks, massa?"

"We generally charge them five dollars, Clem."

"Well! ya marry us like white folks, and I will give ya five dollars, too."

"Why, Clem, that's a curious notion, but as you desire it, I'll marry you like white folks for five dollars."

The ceremony being over, and Clem and Dinah made one, the magistrate asked for his fee.

"Oh no, massa, ya no come up to de greement—YA NO KISS DE BRIDE."

"Get out of my office you black rascal."

And so Clem got married for nothing.

#### A SMART DOG.

They have a dog in the Circus in New-Orleans that will do every thing but talk.—While performing his tricks the other evening, the following conversation was carried on by the little dark-

ies in the corner appropriated to them, as reported by the Picayune:

"De Lor! whoo! Jes look at dat dog! I declare he knows more than folks does."

"Does you call dat a real, sure enough dog?" said another darky by his side, whose eyes were opened so wide they looked like a couple of half dollars.

"In course I does," said the first speaker, "what you tink he is yourself?"

"What I tink? I tink dar's white boy inside de dog skin—I knows dar is. You can't fool dis nigger dat dis all dog doings. Look dar!" continued the grinning lump of ebony as the sagacious animal was showing the audience how his brother dogs could run on two lame legs—"Look dar! You s'pose a dog can do dat when he's asked? Nebber!"

#### LADIES' TEETH.

We believe it is true that ladies' teeth decay at a much earlier period of life, than those of the other sex. Some ill-natured old bachelor (for who else would say such things?) has attributed it to the friction of the tongue upon them! But a new and more flattering solution has been given, by some paper, which says:—"It has been discovered to be owing to the sweetness of their lips; it being a fact well established (by everybody saying so) that sweet things spoil the teeth."

#### CONSIDERATION.

A COUPLE of young people living near Potomac, having some notion to try matrimonial life, the young man being diffident and slow in conversation about the matter—the young lady grew impatient, and to bring the business to a close, demanded a more explicit avowal on the part of her lover in the following terms: "Frank, if you intend to marry me, I wish to know it, so that I may make preparation." A long pause ensued, at length Frank broke silence, and exclaimed, "No meat, no corn, and fishing time almost over! Good Lord, Nelly, I can't!"

A man who was once in the habit of talking to himself, being asked by his wife why he did so, replied that he liked to converse with a man of sense.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. A. M. Lexington Heights, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. L. Middlefield, N. Y. \$1.00; F. A. K. Salem, N. C. \$1.00; P. M. Fosterdale, N. Y. \$2.00; E. D. N. Denmark, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. C. West Chateaugay, N. Y. \$1.00; E. N. D. Athens, N. Y. \$1.00; S. W. Uxbridge, Mass. \$1.00; B. C. B. Fayetteville, N. Y. \$1.00.

#### Married,

In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. William Brookbank to Miss Lucy Ann Perkins, all of this city.

By the same, Mr. Peter I. Clow to Miss Agnes Clow, both of Stuyvesant.

At Cincinnati, December 27, by the Rev. J. T. Brooke, Hon. Bellamy Storer to Miss Sarah Comstock, all of the above place.

#### Died,

In this city, on the 3d inst. Harriet Sophia Gillett in her 19th year.

At Stuyvesant Landing, on the 15th ult. Mr. Christopher Hutton, in the 87th year of his age.

In Kinderhook, on the 17th inst. Mr. Jacob F. Miller, in the 69th year of his age.

At Auburn, on the 21st ult. of an enlargement of the heart, Mrs. Sarah Ann Walters, formerly of this city, and daughter of the late Ebenezer Crossman, in the 41st year of her age.

In Hartford, on the 26th ult. Jane Matilda, youngest daughter of Mr. Walter Studley, aged 18 years.

In New-York, on the 26th ult. of Consumption, Michael D. Higgins, Jr. in the 22d year of his age.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

TO J. A.

'Tis the spring time of life,  
And thy pathway is green,  
And the canopy o'er thee  
Is bright and serene;  
The roses are blooming,  
The breezes are bland,  
And birds with their melody  
Cheer up the land;  
The humming birds hum, in the blossoming tree;  
And beauty disporteth, all flushing and free.

That the summer may smile,  
With abundance and health—  
And the autumn all grateful,  
Kneel down with its wealth—  
That winter may gently  
Congeal thy heart's flow—  
And death fall as lightly,  
As dew-drops on snow—  
In humble devotion, be this thy request,  
And fear shall vanish, and hope sing to rest.

And the God of the year,  
Who the violet paints,  
And beholds the young robins,  
And soothes their complaints;  
Who gladdens the lambkins;  
The sun-fish who feeds,  
And strengthens the honey-bee,  
Rich from the meads;  
Has numbered thy hairs, and has promised in love,  
That faithful who live, shall reign happy above.  
Hudson, N. Y. 1843. W.

For the Rural Repository.

STANZAS.

BY J. L. A. WOOD.

If earth hath a spot that is bright to this hour,  
And sweet to recall as a dream from the past,  
That stirreth the heart with a magical power,  
'Tis the vale of my first love, my only, my last.  
And sad was the glance that at parting I threw  
At its far waving meadows and waters so fair,  
For, far from those scenes tho' I wandered, I knew  
My heart would return from its pilgrimage there!  
As there is a pang for the heart that is sore,  
And clouds to break over the soul like a wave,  
So there may be lips that have blessed us before,  
As false as the dust that concealeth the grave!  
But peace to thy groves sweetest vale of my youth!  
And light be those hearts that once beat true to mine;  
Each thought that recalls thee but tells the sad truth,  
That I am no longer of those that are thine.

For the Rural Repository.

TO THE SUN.

BRIGHT Orb of day, resplendent and sublime!  
Through countless ages thy effulgence glows,  
As radiant as when first majestic Time,  
From sombre and chaotic darkness rose.  
Years follow years, and in their round disclose  
Events magnificent in every clime  
Of earth; but thou, unscathed by mortal woes,  
Art still the same as in thy dawning prime:  
The same as when at erst the heavenly throng,  
In choral strains, did chant the holy song

Of praise and love to the Eternal One;  
And still thy lustre bright wilt thou prolong,  
Until the end for which thou wert begun  
Is finished, and time's latest sands are run.

Greenport, N. Y. March, 1843. VALGIUS.

## THE SNOW BIRD.

THEY talk of the beautiful birds that sing  
In the sunny time of the opening spring;  
When the air is fragrant, and sweet, and balm,  
And the blue sky above is unclouded and calm;  
When the streamlets are leaping the meadows along,  
With a sound like the gush of a childish song,  
And the leafy boughs of the forest trees,  
Are gently swayed by the pleasant breeze;  
But though blithely they chirrup, and charmingly  
sing,  
I call them all selfish—these songsters of spring.  
They desert us when clouds dim the blue of the sky,  
And afar from our dwellings all hurriedly fly;  
All intent on their pleasure—and hushing their song  
When most for its beauty and gladness we long.  
No—they're fair weather friends and are not to me  
So dear as the snow bird in winter we see;  
He's a plain little creature with plumage of gray,  
Just fit for a snowy and blustering day;  
'Tis a good sober color, and meet for a bird,  
That's not giddy, nor selfish, nor easily stirred;  
But who greets us more mirthful, and happy, and  
gay,  
The darker the heavens, the colder the day.  
Oh! he seems so contented and happy the while—  
As he sits right erect on the top of the stile—  
And gratefully chirps as he watches the snow  
Fall noiselessly down on the grass plot below;  
There's something so meek in the glance of his eye  
As the keen wind comes sweeping right biting by,  
That he seems like the Christian who moves among  
men—  
Who buffeted rudely, reviles not again—  
But meets with a brow calm and open as day  
The blasts of misfortune that sweep o'er his way;  
Of all the bright dwellers in bower or in tree,  
The blithe little snow bird, seems fairest to me.

## "MOTHER IF I HAD THE LIGHTNING'S WING."

BY MRS. ALFRED BARNARD.

"MOTHER! if I had the lightning's wing  
To the throne of Almighty God I'd spring."  
"My child, the lightning's gleamy sheet,  
Glances not near his holy seat,  
On the mountain peak it takes its birth  
Whence it terror spreads o'er things on earth;  
But he dwells in the heaven of heavens, afar  
From the rage of the elemental war."

"Mother! the thunder roars around,  
We will float to God, on its wave of sound."  
"The voice of the thunder is loud and deep,  
Startling the babe, from its tranquil sleep;  
The wild beast cowers in his rocky den,  
And the wood-bird seeks her nest again,  
Even man, though armed with pride and power,  
Shrinks trembling in that awful hour;  
But the thunder's voice around God's throne,  
Is low as a lover's whispered tone;  
Some other way, we must seek, my boy,  
To gain that heaven of peace and joy."

"The storm has passed—the hushed winds sigh—  
The bow of promise adorns the sky;  
Mother! it shows a beauteous path,  
By which we may leave this changeable earth;  
That path, with heaven's own ray is bright,  
Let us follow it, to the throne of light."

"Those tints, my child, so bright and gay,  
E'en as we gaze, they fade away;  
Like earthly hopes, their brilliant hue,  
As bright, and evanescent too."

"Then mother! how may we reach the home,  
To which my wayward fancies roam?"  
"The way my child is dark and drear,  
No rainbow sheds its beauteous there;  
Not there is heard the thunder's roar,  
And the lightning's flash is seen no more;  
'Tis spread with terrors all its own,  
And man must tread that path alone."

"Alone!—oh mother thy gentle arm  
Hath shielded me here from grief and harm!  
In this beauteous world it has been my stay;  
And in that dark and dismal way,  
It will be my trust, my help, my guide;  
Oh! do not let me leave thy side."

"A better guide, awaits my boy,  
To lead thee to the realms of joy,  
And fearless, may'st thou venture o'er,  
The gulf which He hath passed before;  
Then grieve not thou to leave my side;  
Death is the path—but Christ thy guide."

## To Subscribers.

We would wish subscribers who change their residence to mention the place they formerly took the paper, as well as that they wish it sent to, so we may be able to stop it at the old residence; for there is a great difficulty in finding a name of a person, as our books are kept alphabetical by the names of places only.

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